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PHILADELPHIA'S FUTURE DOES NOT BELONG TO THE GANG

WITH virtual unanimity the newspapers of New York shout their hal-lal-lal in praise of the decision of the Fusion Committee to renominate Mayor Mitchell and all the officers who, with him, have rendered incontestable service to the metropolis in lifting it from the morass of political corruption and read- ing efficiency into the functioning of the several departments of that imperial mu- nicipal administration. Their record is their platform, and they need none other. "We have had the best administration under Mayor Mitchell the city has known," writes Mr. Hughes. "The Republican party could not afford to be responsible for the defeat of Fusion."

"More important than the individuals concerned in the outcome of the Novem- ber election," thunders the Sun, "is the fate of the cause they represent. Against them will be arrayed every element in the population to which favoritism in administration, corruption in govern- ment and inefficiency in municipal affairs mean opportunity to press for private profits. Tammany embodies a doctrine of government so well defined and clearly perceptible that the most ingenious spokesmen in the Fourteenth street headquarters cannot obscure it. Plunder and protection for the plunderers; this covers the whole program formulated in the Wigwam and promulgated by its agents. Whatever disguise its emissaries may wear, whatever cloak of respect- ability they may attempt to draw about them, they cannot conceal the truth about their cause."

What Tammany is, the political Organization in Philadelphia is. But Tam- many is out, out of power and out of hope, while here respectability is cheek by jowl with fraud; and among the elements which seek favoritism in adminis- tration—aye, in the very innermost coun- cil chambers of corruption—may be found gloved citizens of scented purity who worship at their churches on Sunday, plot with grafters on Monday and hurl their denunciations the rest of the week against such institutions of public life as have refused to be coerced; institutions which prize their American liberty of ut- terance as the only weapon left them wherewith to keep the battle going and mobilize at length the decency of the community in irresistible assault against the whole system of theft and favoritism which has corroded the public conscience and grown strong on pilfered wealth.

What Tammany was our Organization is, and worse, for decency in New York has fought the fight for more than a generation and has whipped corrup- tionists out of office and often into jail; but we, soothed by soft palaver and hideous compliance on the part of important citizens who betray themselves and their leadership, are content to live and breathe and go about our business under the political guidance of peanut- brained executives, many of whom are laughed at by their own associates and virtually all of whom are so little in thought and purpose that the placing on their shoulders of leadership is tragically comic.

New York, after four years of decent, sincere, forward-looking government can look the nation in the face unashamed. We are ninety miles south geographically and a hundred years back politically in comparison with our neighbor. There decent men will fight for decency; here too many decent men sell their decency to corruptionists who mantle themselves in it and strut the highways boastfully. There it has been proved that the whole citizenship cannot be corrupted, that the man in the street wants good government and will vote for it; here we have been taught that it is unpatriotic to complain, to reason to fight, that the good citizen should be content with things as they are.

city in high office; here we have insin- uery and trickery, secret councils and government by prostitution of office, by embezzlement of power and too often by barter and sale.

"OF WHAT value is it," we are asked, "to make public these things now? Is it not better policy to be subdued and say nothing? What do you hope to do?" This newspaper was born fighting. It revealed in the first few weeks of its ex- istence the slush fund raised by the "boozers" interests to elect Penrose. It went down to defeat in a vigorous effort to prevent the politicalization of the transit program and delay in the achievement of that great enterprise by the election of an Organization puppet. It will go down to defeat a score of times yet, perhaps, but the people will not be voting with their eyes shut.

We have no special quarrel with the particular individuals who happen to be in office just now. They are typical of the Organization that moves them up and down, no better and no worse than scores of other trained disciples of gang politics who in their day and generation feasted on the taxpayers. We are after no individ- ual's scalp as such. But we are also luth- erally dedicated to the belief that the epoch-making events which are changing the maps of the world are changing also its political atmosphere; that no city which is a competitor in the approach- ing world fight for business can main- tain its position unless honestly and efficiently administered; that Philadelphia must be convinced now of the absolute necessity of turning out the whole coterie of incompetents, and that she must begin now preparation for the selection of a fighting business candidate for Mayor in the next campaign.

We say a business candidate because the slogans of reform are threadbare and the issues larger than they were a few years ago. We need not only the overthrow of the whole system of corrup- tion, but an administration alive to the great opportunities lying everywhere about, an administration which would conduct the municipal corporation along busi- ness lines, with business efficiency and business acumen. The preaching of such a program must begin early. We shall emphasize it periodically. We cannot compete with New York if New York has good government and we have had gov- ernment. Philadelphia and her future do not belong to the gang; they belong to the people.

DENMAN OR RESULTS?

WE DO not know what Mr. Denman wants in the way of blue prints and specifications, but we do know that General Goethals has made arrangements for the immediate construction of the great- est ship-assembling plant in the world on the Delaware River, that the plans are complete down to the last detail and that they provide for putting fifty steel ships at a clip into the water, deliveries beginning next spring. Is it common sense to thwart General Goethals in such an enterprise?

PARDONED!

WE ARE not in sympathy with the picketing of the White House. We can understand the enthusiasm of the women who have engaged in the practice, but we are confident that it is bad judg- ment at this time to heckle the President and revive the tactics which delayed so long the triumph of the cause in Great Britain. On the other hand, we applaud the sagacity of the President in pardon- ing the women recently arrested, and we are earnestly hopeful that he will find it possible to put his great influence and authority behind the movement for the national emancipation of women.

His international reputation for justice and fair dealing and his championship before the world of true democracy must urge his assistance in accomplishing the complete democratization of the United States.

After all, it was only natural that Porto Rico voted to be "dry" in the very heart of the rainy season in our tropical territory.

Current reports indicate that both Britain and Germany are disappointed about the submarine war. In that case one wonders why the thing keeps up.

We used to think that the Monitor and the Merrimack had put an end to fighting between wood and steel ships, but the Goethals-Denman duello is fast revising history.

Our "bugaboos-boogers," who have thus far failed to announce that Germany knew of the return of three of our army transports to an American harbor, must be loafing on their jobs.

The report that the new German Chancellor "may ask for time" suggests that an enormous quantity of that commodity is necessary before his nation can catch up with the present era of civiliza- tion.

The Norwegian steamship Thor, which has arrived in New York with the tale of the capture of 297 whales, has put an awful dent into the prospect of "sub- marines" off our summer resort coasts these days.

When he thinks of the possible ac- tivities of the present Reichstag the news that the American House of Representa- tives took a two-day recess after a six- minute session must make the Kaiser more jealous than ever of his transatlan- tic enemy.

AMERICAN YOUTH THE WORLD'S HOPE

War Has Killed the Youth of Europe—The Opportunities of the Future Are Ours

IT HAS remained for Hermann Hage- dorn to put into words the thoughts that have been in the back of the mind of many Americans since the extent of the devastation of the great war became manifest. The youth of Europe is dying or is being incapacitated for the best work because of wounds or nervous troubles occasioned by the terror of bat- tle. The work of the world must be done in the years to come. Who will do it and how will it be done?

Mr. Hagedorn says the burden will rest on the shoulders of the youth of America. And he is right.

What is the American youth—the boys and girls from ten to eighteen—doing to prepare itself for its task? In his little book, "You Are the Hope of the World," published by the Macmillan Company, Mr. Hagedorn says:

You are dancing today and spinning tops and going to the movies and loitering at street corners, which is pleasant when the spring is in the air, and reading the sporting columns and doting on your figure and your face, and over there on the average, down goes a brave boy and out from another candle, and on one of you over here suddenly falls a new responsibility. You don't feel it, but there it is. That French boy or that English or German or Russian boy may leave his watchful to his brother and his watch to his best friend, but he leaves his chance to you. He might have been a great scientist and drawn some wondrous yet unknown out of the air; he might have been a great musician, a great engineer; he might have been the immortal leader who have been looking for ages back to lead the world to a better civilization. He's gone, dead, at nineteen. Young America, you are his heir! Don't you feel his mantle on your shoulders?

But Young America does not yet realize what is happening nor does it feel its responsibilities or perceive its opportu- nities. Mr. Hagedorn asks himself the task of awakening it? He calls the roll of the illustrious dead, men who devoted all their energies to laying the founda- tions of democracy and men who gave their lives that those who came after them might be free. And then he ex- claims that American youth is the hope of the world.

Because the youth of Europe is dead or dying and because you possess in a greater degree than the youth of any other country unrivaled by this terrible war, alert, brave, large hearts, adven- turous and indomitable spirits; a tradi- tion of freedom; a past people of the world; of intrepid, liberty-loving men and women; and a pure ideal of democ- racy.

No one is demanding heroic deeds or sacrifices of the youth. The world—and Mr. Hagedorn emphasizes the word because the rest of the world understands the situation better than we do in Amer- ica—the world asks the American youth to stop dancing for a minute, to give up the movies for an afternoon, to run the car into the garage, and sit down and think about his country, to think how America stands for democracy and how it must make its democracy real if we are to continue to enjoy these things for which the mighty dead gave their lives in the past and for which men are giving their lives across the seas today.

Training for Citizenship

The first requisite to success in the en- deavor which Mr. Hagedorn urges upon the young, after thought, is training in the duties of citizenship. They must understand the institutions of the coun- try and they must be taught about them in the schools and colleges. It is not enough to say that this is a great coun- try and that a man must do his duty. It is necessary to point out specific duties and to show the definite way to do them. We leave the government of our cities to commercialists who get what they can out of it for their own pocket. The young men and young women of the present have it in their power to change all this. The trouble with the country in recent years has come because too many of us have trusted to luck. Says Mr. Hagedorn:

Those of us who trust neither in luck nor blindly in the Lord trust in something vague and remote which we call the destiny of America. Good! We have a right to trust in it. But before you lie down and leave the work to that shining spirit, Young America, I recommend that you go boldly toward Brother Destiny and confront him and look him in the eye. Would you be terrified, would you be sullen, or would you be glad and supremely proud if you were to discover that the face and features of that figure you call the Destiny of America are your own?

Here is the heart and soul of the whole preaching: America is the people who inhabit it; the future America will be the boys and girls of today; the oppor- tunities that are to be theirs are those which the dead abroad have bequeathed to them because they could not take them with them, and the responsibilities that are to be theirs are those which their elders have too often shirked. We can have whatever kind of an America that we will. It is important that we will have to have a better America than we have had in the past.

There is inspiration for boys and girls in Mr. Hagedorn's book. If every public school child ten years old and over were compelled to read it the prospects are that it would bear fruit in better condi- tions in the future. If their parents would read it the elders might be per- suaded to begin now to prepare the children more thoroughly for their civic duties.

G. W. D.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Vice Admiral Sims is a Canadian by birth and a fighter by occupation.—St. Louis Republic.

Next in importance to a citizenry trained to arms is a citizenry trained to eating cornbread.—Arkansas Gazette.

There are now 54,000,000 pounds of frozen poultry in the United States, and we may judge from the price of eggs there are a lot more hens so chilly they can't lay.—Grand Rapids Free.

Tom Daly's Column

PA-TRIO-TISM
The baby came to me:
"Ooh! pin a flag," says he,
And reached to take the emblem I was wearing.
And I who am his dad,
Gave up the flag I had—
You should have seen his martial strut
and bearing!
Should I have tried to hide
My strong paternal pride?
You think it very silly of me, maybe;
But long ago I learned
True manhood's hardly earned
Until you come to pin things on a baby.

It may be that your wife
Devotes her time, her life,
To helpful works of mercy for the
neighbors;
And you may give your wealth
And jeopardize your health
For most unselfish zeal in civic labor;
But in my foolish dome
The humble tasks of home
Appear unduly patriotic, maybe.
I swear that no one can
Be sure a man's a man
Until he learns to pin things on a baby.

HE SEEMED to be full of the milk
punch of human kindness. He beamed
upon every one in the car. The man
directly across from him came in for
special attention. This man was not
pretty, but he was good-natured, and
when the jovial one leaned forward and
said, "Shay! you're 'n awful homely guy,"
he laughed. The critic contemplated him
a moment, then he rose and laid a hand
upon the other's shoulder. "Honest!"
he said, "you're homeliest guy I ever
saw." "Well," laughed the plain good
fellow, "don't blame me. I can't help
it." His critic shook his head and sub-
sided into his seat again. He thought
it over for several minutes, then he
said: "You could stay in th' house,
couldn't ya?"

To Help the Kaiser
And this was to be the morning of
the big drive! The Russians were to have
gone over the top with a thundering
counting-out rhyme, but we'll have to
depend upon the Scotch and Irish, as
usual. Here's one that D. McKay used
with effect in Dumfriesshire years ago:

Ame's name,
Twa's some,
Three's a pickel,
Four's a pound,
Five's a dainty,
Six is plenty,
Seven is a horse's meal.

Honing for Home

My heart is sick for Philly Town,
I've been so long away;
I care not if the skies be dull
And fogs hang thick and gray,
Though other skies be clear and blue
And other airs be bland,
I long to breathe the breeze that blows
Where Philly rooftops stand.
Through weary days, across the foam,
The voice of Philly calls me home.

The busy streets of Philly Town
Are lanes of dream to me;
The murky, traffic-cluttered Mall
A stretch in Arcady.
To hear the autos rumbling by,
To catch the city's roar,
Would seem like music of the spheres
If I were back once more!
And over sea and hill and plain,
Oh Philly calls to me again.

To see the sun come breaking out
Would make my heart grow warm,
To see a Philly copper's face
Above his uniform
Would be a vision of delight
Beyond all joys I know!
Oh! Philly holds me in its spell
And will not let me go.
Through the days across the foam,
The voice of Philly calls me home.
Somewhere in France.

BILL CHAIT.

"I rather than an item in a pamphlet
put out by the vestry of Old Swedes
Church, at Swanson and Christian streets,
that the original name of Philadelphia
was 'Wineco,' writes D. P. T. A mis-
understanding, perhaps, for the folks in
charge of Old Swedes have their historical
data pretty well in hand. What the
pamphlet meant to say (and probably
did say if properly interpreted) was that
the church was established at the Swed-
ish colony of Wineco (or Weicaco, or
Weccaco), which later was absorbed by
the town laid out by Penn in 1682.

PHIL-FRIEND
THE WHITTIER
Thee that has
eyes to read
Take heed
And rightly read
This sacred
It is a story old,
But one that
may not be
Too often told
To them with eyes to see.
Thee knows the man;
A generation's span
These streets have harbored him
And gloried in his vim.
He knows what evil lurks
In idleness and so,
He WORKS.
Ten years ago,
As likewise thee may know,
His wife who was his guide,
Indeed the only light,
Was taken from his side.
But still when she was gone
He rose and labored on.
And now when day-drops' heat
Makes dull his Chestnut Street
And there's a lull in trade;
And idleness, the jade
Of whom he is afraid,
Is very close at hand
To blind Al's little stand,
Thee'll find him whittling sticks
To busy him till six!
So for this worthy chap,
Who, spite of handicap
And every evil hap,
Still toils and works away,
We twine our wreath today;

ALFRED W. ENDRESS
For Courage
and Industry

ROLAND MORRIS, "OF THE EIGHTH"

Rise of a "Literary Politician" of the Wilson School Who Managed to Keep Out of Office Till the Right Time Came

ASSITUATION often has a characteris-
tic "picture" to set it off, and the pic-
ture of Roland S. Morris's reported ap-
pointment to the important post of
Ambassador to Japan must be that of
a class in jurisprudence and politics at
Princeton in the early nineties, with
Woodrow Wilson in the professor's chair
and Mr. Morris among his attentive
students. And, as one always says of
such scenes, "little did they think" that
one might be President and the other an
Ambassador. It was an atmosphere of
"literature," and, if of future politicians,
surely of "literary politicians."

By "literary politician," says Mr. Wil-
son in his fine essay on Bagehot, "I do
not mean a politician who affects litera-
ture; who seems to appreciate the
solemn purpose of Wordsworth's Happy
Warrior and yet is opposed to ballot
reform. Neither do I mean a literary
man who affects politics; who earns his
victories through the publishers and his
defeats at the hands of the men who
control the primaries. I mean the man
who has the genius to see deep into
affairs and the discretion to keep out of
them—the man to whom, by reason of
knowledge and imagination and sym-
pathetic insight, governments and policies
are as open books, but who, instead of
trying to put haphazard characters of
his own into those books, wisely prefers
to read their pages aloud to others. A
man who knows politics and yet does
not handle policies."

A man, in short, such as Mr. Wilson
likes to appoint to ambassadorships and
would doubtless like to appoint more
often to offices at home. Our envoys
have been nearly all "literary politicians"
under Wilson; men who have not held
office and who are more at home in
the library than in the forum. Mr. Morris
has had the ability "to see deep into
affairs and the discretion to keep out of
them" to a remarkable extent consid-
ering his prominence in the Democratic
party. He dodged office-holding success-
fully, sticking to the slower, humbler
track of "educating" his own party, being
one of those Happy Warriors who really
do believe in ballot reform. He rose
through the various degrees of party
chairmanship; but to Philadelphia Demo-
crats he will always be "Morris, of the
Eighth Ward."

Cleaning Up the Eighth
There it was a case of ballot reform
with a vengeance. The Eighth Ward con-
tained all the elements of the Philadel-
phia political problem—indeed, it was a
microcosm of the political universe. In
the ward's western half was all the wealth
and intellect and fashion and in the east-
ern half much of the vice and misery of
central Philadelphia. Morris, as ward
chairman, knew there was no chance for
his party, for the quality all voted for the
Organization. But what he could do was
to cut down the padded registration lists.
Hundreds of "fake" names, names of
dead men, etc., were on the lists. He
hired college men to copy down every
voter's name in the ward—no easy task,
for the Organization henchmen would
often chase them away from the books.
Then these young Happy Warriors would
go from house to house asking "if Mr.
Smith really lived there."

For example, in one three-story tenement
near Tenth and Locust streets there were
supposed to dwell 100 citizens! A dis-
tressed woman came to the door. She
said frankly that nobody lived there at
all except herself. The agent, in such a
case, would go running to Mr. Morris in
the eighth.

Mr. Morris is forty-three, having been
born March 11, 1874, at Olympia, in what
was then Washington Territory. His
parents were then living for a time in the
northwest. He is the head of the oldest
branch of the Morris family, which has
been identified with the history of city
and Commonwealth since the days of
Penn. He was graduated from Lawrence-
ville in 1892 and from Princeton in 1896.
He took high honors in the University of
Pennsylvania Law School, and started in
the practice of law in this city in 1899.
He has made a specialty of corporation
law and served for years on the Board of
Law Examiners. He has been secretary
and president of the Contemporary Club
and is a director of the Public Education
Association and a member of the Phi-
ladelphia Society. Mr. Morris for fourteen
years has been a vestryman of St.
Stephen's. He is a trustee of the Burd
Orphan Asylum, of the Widows' Corpora-
tion of Pennsylvania and of the General
Clergy Relief Fund of the Episcopal
Church.

H. S. W.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Modern Ireland's Advantages. Some Aspects of Socialism. Libraries and Sundays

WHERE IRELAND IS FAVORED
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—Regarding the wrongs of Ireland, I
recently looked up the official statements of
Irish taxes, etc. Here they are: Ireland's
taxation for Government expenditure was
£5,322,000; that of England, Scotland and
Wales, £28,896,000. Had Ireland's contri-
bution been proportionate to her taxable ca-
pacity she should have paid £15,000,000. In
1901 the Irish banks held £48,425,000, an
increase of 60.94 per cent. Ireland has one
member of Parliament for every 4,500 per-
sons; England, Scotland and Wales one for
every 72,000. The value of Irish crops in
1908 was £46,574,000, and in 1915-1916
£181,000,000.
Poor, poverty-stricken Erin!
Philadelphia, July 19. FERMANAGH.

UNSELFISHNESS OF SOCIALISM
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—In reading your issue of July 16 I
came upon an unusually feeble-minded de-
nunciation of Socialism in general in a
letter by the "American on Guard."
He makes the fifteenth-century assertion
that "Socialism is a curse." His latent
brain has not grasped the fact that the
soldier is a curse very often in the eyes of
the workingman, especially during a strike,
trying to obtain a slight increase in his
pay to enable him to keep the wolf from the
door. At the same time he makes the
sweeping assertion that all Socialists are
traitors. Possibly they are to their ex-
ploiter, England.
"American on Guard" also says that
nine-tenths of Socialists are atheists. This
assertion, coupled with the assertion that
they are all narrow-minded, is the vaporing
of such a brain as he would credit the
Socialist with.
He says they are selfish as well, in
spite of the fact that they are the most un-
selfish persons in the world, giving their
time, labor and life, if necessary, for the
cause of human brotherhood.
Philadelphia, July 19. J. McMULLIN.

LIBRARIES' SUNDAY-CLOSING
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:
Sir—The coolest places in the city dur-
ing these hot days seem to be the public
libraries. There is always a bit of air stir-
ring, fans keep the air in motion and the
interest of a book helps us forget the torrid
evenings.
Sundays are just as hot as any other
days, and if the libraries were open it would
relieve many of us from hours of torture.

DID BAZAINE BETRAY FRANCE?

The Mystery of His Surrender of Metz in 1870 Is Still Unsolved

FRANCOIS ACHILLE BAZAINE was
born near Paris in 1811. Determining
youth to seek the bubble reputation in the
cannon's mouth, he entered the army. Baze-
ine the son of a wealthy family, he could
have readily begun to carve out his career
with an officer's sword, but he elected to
begin with the muck of a private soldier
and earn promotion by efficient service in
the ranks. With such a spirit it was easy
for him to win rapid promotion, and almost
before he knew it he was a general. He
performed distinguished service in both the
Crimean and Algerian wars, and when the
unhappy Maximilian was establishing him-
self in Mexico, Bazine, in command of the
French troops, conquered and held that
country for the ill-starred Austrian prince.
After the early disaster of Sedan in the
Franco-Prussian war all France looked to
Bazine to save it from the oncoming Ger-
mans. His name was upon every lip. The
fate of a nation was in the palm of his
hand.

While the eyes of his countrymen were
upon him, Bazine made a move that caused
all France to stand aghast. Retiring with
his vast army into Metz, he made only a
feeble resistance, which allowed the Ger-
mans to surround that city and bottle him
up in a siege; and this city, his defense
of Metz showed a weakness that struck
terror to the heart of France. Bazine
had with him 180,000 men, including 4000
officers, 143 generals, three field marshals
and hundreds of pieces of heavy artillery,
and the city was defended by a modern for-
tress that seemed impregnable. Yet on Oc-
tober 27, 1870, before making half a fight,
Bazine surrendered the entire city and this
entire force to the Prussians.

He was at once branded as a traitor who
had sold out his country to the enemy. As
evidence to the contrary, he was cleared
that his army had been starving and un-
able to fight and that he had made a report
to the French Government to that effect;
but there was no record of such a report.

The most charitable view that any
Frenchman took of the catastrophe was that
Bazine was grossly incompetent. But this
theory could not harmonize with his past
record.

Brought before a court-martial on the
charge of treason, Bazine was convicted and
sentenced to be shot; but his old col-
league, Marshal MacMahon, when elected
President of France, took pity on him, com-
muting his sentence to twenty years' im-
prisonment.

Bazine now treated France to another
mystery and another sensation. He was
found missing from his cell, and the news
went out that he had escaped. He had escaped
through the assistance of his faithful wife,
but the escape could not be effected without
the connivance of some powerful in the Government.
He fled to Spain and after there escaping as-
sassination he fled to London. His pur-
pose in surrendering Metz was never
remained one of the secrets of European
history.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. What is salafy?
2. "Sarcotileous" is here a misspelled word. What is the correct orthography?
3. To what nation did Salomon belong prior to the Babylon War of 586 B.C.?
4. What is the meaning of Porto Rico?
5. Who was the author of the "Hans Bull-
head"?
6. What is a lugger?
7. What is meant by a "Lucullan feast," and
after whom is it named?
8. What does thermometry mean? Is the
Fahrenheit scale used in most countries of
Continental Europe?
9. What is the general name of the
French army?
10. Who is the present generalissimo of the
French army?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The first name of General Cadorna is Lalet.
2. After having been passed by the United
States Congress, the Platt Amendment
was adopted by Cuba in 1901. This law
authorizes the United States to take
control of the Government of Cuba should the
island republic make any treaty with a
power which would impair the independence
of Cuba; grants to the United States the
right of intervention and the use of naval
forces to maintain Cuban independence and
debts for which the current revenue would
not be sufficient.
3. The so-called "State of Franklin" was set
up as an independent government in 1784
by an unscrupulous man named John
Fountain, although belonging at that time
to North Carolina. North Carolina
resumed control of the region after the
year, and in 1790 ceded it to the United
States.
4. An apriat is a keeper of bees.
5. "Hangan" is a word imported from the
French, in which language it not only
signifies a word for stripes, but also a
structure suitable for storing harvested
products or agricultural implements.
6. The Russians have been driven by the Am-
erians across the Lena River.
7. Alexander Hamilton was born in the island
of Nevis, West Indies.
8. The saying that "the battle of Waterloo was
won on the playing field of Eton" is
attributed to the Duke of Wellington.
9. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton wrote "The Last
of the Moors."
10. The chief planets are Mercury, Venus, the
Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and
Neptune.

AN INCIDENT OF OLD-TIME JOURNALISM

IN THE old days journalism in Philadel-
phia was capable of pranks that are not
thought of nowadays. Perhaps the most
celebrated newspaper hoax was that per-
petrated by the Pennsylvania, a Demo-
cratic organ, on Daniel Webster on his
visit to Philadelphia in 1846.

Webster, in 1824, had made strong
speeches against the protective tariff mea-
sure of that year, but later changed his
opinions and from being a free-trader be-
came a tariff man. But Democrats with
long memories had saved his free trade
speeches for use when the time might be
ripe. On his visit here Webster stopped at
Hartwell's Washington House, on Chestnut
street above Seventh, as the guest of the
Whigs, whom he addressed at a fine ban-
quet in the celebrated Chinese Museum on
Ninth street.

There were hundreds at the tables and
hundreds in galleries to hear the great
orator, among them many ladies. Webster
rose to speak late in the evening. Tariff
was the issue.

"Short-hand reporting was not then what
it is now," wrote John W. Forney, who
was then editor of the Pennsylvania, "and
swift, accurate and magical science, and I
knew the Whig papers, which resolved to
print the great man's speech entire, would
be delayed till long past their usual hour
next morning. The town was hungry for
it and its surprise may be readily con-
ceived when at dawn of the succeeding day
the Pennsylvania appeared with Mr.
Webster's Great Speech on the Tariff." I had
taken his old speech on free trade, de-
livered in 1824, when he was a member of